

Hitting the High Notes in Life

Everyone else was just sort of looking off into space, like maybe they didn't hear the choir director ask for a volunteer. Perhaps they needed to pray about it first? I was obviously the only one who realized the urgency of the matter, so I raised my hand.

What can I say? I was new to Christianity, and eager to please. I hadn't even experienced my first burn out yet, so I was completely ignorant of the subtle tactics of evasion, or the value of the phrase, "I don't feel led."

Practice C.D.'s were handed out after the meeting, and I motored straight out to my truck to begin practicing for my new assignment. To my delight, I'd been drafted to sing lead on the song 'Go tell it on the Mountain' during the grand finale at our upcoming Christmas production.

For the next six weeks leading up to the show, everywhere I went, my old clunker was rocking. I had dogs lining up all along my route to work each day waiting for their cue to howl. By the fifth week I'd even memorized the words. Everything was progressing nicely.

The people in the choir were so nice too. They'd always smile so big after we practiced my song, almost like I was helping bring laughter back to their lives. Inevitably a couple of them would come up afterwards to slap me on the back and encourage me to keep practicing.

However, there was one little note I was having problems with. Right at the end of the song I was supposed to belch out this blazing high note that would really bring down the house. The problem was; that note was way out of my area code. I just couldn't seem to hitch my pants up high enough to hit it, and believe me I tried. Unfortunately, my best efforts had failed to surpass the tonal quality of a wounded sea gull making his last dying wail.

Finally the choir director sat me down. "Just leave out that note," she urged, "When you get to that part, go low."

It was sound advice. (No pun intended.) I tried it. It wasn't bad. Problem solved- I guess. I mean if you're really in to working folks up to a beautiful crescendo only to finishing strong with a sad little "low" note.

But anyway- When the night of the show came I got all gussied up in my fancy duds usually reserved for funerals and such, and headed out. The Church was a-buzz with excitement. The house lights came down and we took the platform in all the full pageantry of our immense \$300 production.

I'll admit, our choir was a little shaky at first, but as the night progressed we relaxed and really fell into a wonderful groove. Soon we were singing with great confidence, especially after we'd thinned out the crowd so.

When the time finally came for my song, I was really feeling strong. I couldn't believe what was bellowing from my own lips. I almost questioned whether they'd really hidden Jim Neighbors behind the curtain and given me a dummy mic. I sounded good! In fact, as I got closer to that big crescendo, I even began to have second thoughts about my decision to go 'low'. Obviously the anointing was carrying me. Why wimp out on the best part?

Surely by this point of the story, some of you more seasoned Christians are rooting for me and hoping I hadn't been too over zealous and put too much stock in those Scriptures they teach new believers like **Ephesians 3:20**. (*Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,*) I mean, there's no way God would intervene in a \$300 production to help me hit a note that's not in my repertoire just because of a little faith, right?

Let me tell you. I not only nailed that high note, I rattled the stain glass windows! I even wiggled the note around some like Mariah Carey on helium. Don't tell me my God can't watch over His Word to perform it.

I might just be preaching to the choir, but maybe it's time some of us stopped ducking every opportunity to volunteer and started trusting God to help us hit the high notes in our lives again. It's time to 'Go tell it on the Mountain'! You know, like we did back when we didn't know any better.

-Guy Sheffield 11-13-07